Ophel. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off mine edge.

Ophel. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurps immediately.

Ham. A poiſons him i'th garden for his eſtate, his name's *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King riſes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For ſome muſt watch whileſt ſome muſt ſleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this ſir, and a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doeſt know O *Damon* deare
This realme diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poiſoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſicke, come the Rec
For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, ſome muſicke.

Enter Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord vouchſafe me a word with

Ham. Sir a whole Hiſtorie.

Guyl. The King ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement marvellous diſtempere

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more
nifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to
would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſom
And ſtare not ſo wildly upon my affaire.

Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moſt great affl
rit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this courteſie is not of th
if it ſhall pleaſe you to make mee a wholſome anſwe
your mothers commandement, if not, your pardo
turne ſhall be the end of the buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What my Lord?

Ha. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wit's diſeas'd
anſwer as I can make you ſhall command, or rather a
mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mo

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſaies, your behaviour hath ſtr
amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull ſonne that can ſo aſtoniſh a m
there no ſequell at the heels of this mothers admirat

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere y

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our moth
any further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord you once did love me.